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Squire Norton's GHOST:

Or, a Full and True ACCOUNT,

How he has *Appeared* three ſeveral times *to* his *AUNT*.

18. Aug. 1699.

'TIS to be obſerved, That in the 14*th* Chapter of the *Revelations*, at the 13*th* Verſe, 'Tis ſaid, *And I heard a Voice from Heaven, ſaying unto me, Write Bleſſed are the Dead, which die in the Lord, from henchfoth, Yea ſaith the Spirit, that they may reſt from there Labours, and their Works do follow them; And he ſaid unto Me, Write, for theſe Words are true and fvithful, and I will give unto him that is a thirſt of the Fountain of the Water of Life freely; he that overcometh ſhall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he ſhall be my Son;* But again, the fearful unqelievers, abominable (and Murtherers) Lyars and Idolaters, ſhall have their part in the Lake, which Burneth with Fire and Brimſtone, this is the ſecond Death, for without are Dogs, and Sorcerers, and Whoremongers (and Murtherers) the Unjuſt and filthy Perſons. And alſo the Devil, that deceived this Eſq; *Norton*, and ſeduced him to commit this Murther on his Brother, was caſt into the Lake of Fire and Brimſtone, and ſhall be tormented Day and Nigh, for ever and ever.

Moreover what can be mention'd and expreſſed on this poor Eſq; *Norton*'s misfortune, to Murther his fellow Creature, for 'tis

 ſurely

ſurely ſaid, Blood requires Blood, 'twas Cruel and Bloody in *Cain*, to Murther his Brother; but a Curſe is denounced againſt any Perſon, that is Inſtrumental to his own Death, and again 'tis ſaid, The Sea gave up the Dead which were in it, and Death and Hell delivered up the Dead, which were in them, and they were Judged every Man according to their Works, and whoſoever was not found Writen in the Book of Life, was caſt into the Lake of Fire.

Upon the 15th Day of this inſtant *Auguſt*, between the Hours of twelve and one of the Clock at Night, which are the common Hours for unquiet Spirits to appear. This unhappy Eſq; Ghoſt appear'd to a Servant of his Fathers, at his Bed-ſide in a very frightful manner, with a Meagure, Pale, & Ghaſtful Countenance, and with a ſmall Voice, ſaid, *Sin will not go unpuniſh.* Thought 'twas a great ſurprize and aſtoniſhment to the Servant, and the Servant began in this manner, after a little ſpace, that his Senſes were a little revived, to ſee ſo ſudden and Apparition, which ſaid how is it between God and your precious Soul? "Truly very bad, I am in "an undon State, but hope that after I have fulfill'd my mind to my "Uncle and Aunt, that I ſhall receive Pardon from God, who is "able to Pardon the worſt of Sinners. "I leave this advice to ad- "moniſh all my Relations, to walk honeſtly and vigilently in the "World, as to do juſtly, and walk humbly with God, not to give "themſelves over to Exceſs of Living, and Debauchery (and eſpe- "cially to take care of the Devils Baits and Allurements, for he "has ſeveral Baits to Enſnair us in) ſome by Drunkenneſs, which "makes a Man commit and be Guilty of Murther, many time un- "wittingly, doing that which at another time we would not, there- "fore prevent that encroaching Sin, I ſhall not appear no more to "you. And vaniſht.

It was ſaid he appeared to one of his Uncles Servants, in the ſame manner, by drawing back the Curtain, which ſo ſurdrized the Servant, that for a quarter of an Hour he could not ſpeak. But when revived, askt in the Name of God, who art thou; He anſwered, the Ghoſt of Mr. *Norton*, Speak your mind ſaid the Servant, "My buſineſs "is to tell you, That your time is but ſhort in thes World, and do "adviſe yo *to* make your Peace with God, and put all things in "readineſs for a Dying Hour' or elſe you fate will be unfortunate "and miſerable, Pray avoid that Sin call'd Coveteouſneſs, or elſe "will go hard with *you* another *day*, I deſire *you* to tell *my* Uncle

to

" to give one Hundred Pound, (which he may freely ſpare out of my " Eſtate) to one Madam *Carter* an acquaintance of mine, who Lives " at *Branford* near the *Red-Lyon* Tavern, whom I owe it to, upon a " Note of my Hand, and till you have fulfill'd this you ſhall not be " at Reſt, and ſhall plague him with my Goaſt, when my deſire be " fulfill'd and ſo departed without harm to the Servant, only he is " a little indiſpoſed at the Fright and Appearance of the Eſquire.

He appeared to his Aunt, and told her, how Hainous 'twas in her, to combine with him to Poyſon your ſelf and me, for you are Guilty of my Death, and your own, therefore as God has ſpared you for that Sin, take care leaſt a worſer thing comes, be upon your Guard, and let not the Devil Reign in your Mortal Body, put my Father's Servants in mind to ſpeak to my Uncle to fulfill my deſire, and I ſhall be quiet, ſhe asked how it was between him and his Soul. " He anſwered he hopt for acceſs, by the Merrits of his Redeemer, " to merrit a Pardon, and though my Sins are as Red as Scarlet, " they may appear as White as Snow, Adew Aunt and Vaniſht away.

He has not ſince appeared to any of the Servants, though a Maid Servant ſaid ſhe ſaw his Ghoſt ſince, but dare not ſpeak to it, and a little before he appeared to the Servant *Joſeph*, and one of his Father's other Servants. The Night before was heard a prodigious Noiſe all over the Houſe, being a ſad and hideous Noiſe, and as if a Troop of Horſe was comming up Stairs, the Claſhing of Swords, and the moving or diſplacing of Chairs, that ſo Alarmed the Servants, that they betook themſelves to their Arms, and going into the Hall, where the Noiſe was moſt heard, ſo ſoon as they entered the Hall the Noiſe aſcended as if it were in a Chamber up Stairs, and ſtill as they purſu d it, the Noiſe diſappeared till it went up to the Garret, where 'twas not heard no more A Nurſe in the Houſe is ſo Frighted at the Noiſe and Conceit of the humour, that ſhe keeps her Bed, but now all things are quiet.

Divine Poems on Eſq; Norton's *Ghoſt: or, the doleful Cryes, of a Contrite Heart.*

BEhold O Lord, in Riverr of my Tears,
I come to thee, Bow down thy bleſſed Ears,
To me poor Wretch, and let thine Eyes with Sleep,
Yet ne'er cloſe, behold a bloody Senner weep,

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Let not, O God, (my God) my faults though great,
And numberleſs between thy Mercy Seat,
And my poor Soul be thrown, ſince we are taught,
Thou Lord remembreſt thine, if thou be ſought:
I come not Lord with any other Merit,
Then what I by my Saviour Chriſt inherit.
Be then his Wounds my *Balm*, his Stripes my bliſs,
My Crown his Thornes, my thornes be loſt in his,
And thou my bleſſed Redeemer, Saviour, God,
Quit my attempts, withold thy vengeful Rod.
O beg for me, my Ghoſt and Spirit ſet,
I may no more appear, and Chriſt forgives his Debt.
For in thy Croſs, my ſaving health muſt be,
Grant me but Pardon, for this is in me,
Leaſt Sin and Death, ſink me for evermore,
O hearken then what I with faith implore:
What ſtrange prodigious Deaths, this Sin hath wrought,
And unto Miſery great Perſons brought;
And let us live where Saints and Angels dwell,
Not do the Works, which caſt us into Hell.
Conſider this poor Sinner what I ſay,
For there will come at laſt a Reckoning Day,
The book will then before us open lye,
To ſhew our Sins of a deep Scarlet dye:
And at the Door, let me be raiſed then,
To live with thee Sweet Jeſus *ſay*, *Amen*.

FINIS.

Licenced according to Order.

London, Printed for *T. Alcock*, on [illegible]